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FIFTY YEARS AGO

A MEMOIR.

BY

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Bishop of Kansas City.

Written in 1898.

1907.

FRANKLIN HUDSON PUBLISHING CO.,
KANSAS CITY, MO.

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Kansas City, Mo.

DEDICATION.

To the memory of the dear friends and companions of my school-boy days this little book is lovingly inscribed.

PREFACE.

In the evening of life, relieved from burthensome duties and cares of office now happily devolving on my Right Rev. Coadjutor, I find my thoughts constantly recurring to the friends and events of my early life. It is for the companionship of these persons, and events now belonging to the remote past, which I fondly call the rosy morning of life, that I recall them and bid them live with me again in the fascinations of memory. The solitariness of old age is a garden a-bloom with fairest flowers, when life's career, viewed backwards at its close, is contemplated as appointed by the infinite love, wisdom, and goodness of God, Who disposeth all things sweetly, ordaining all things in mercy, and in measure and number, for our greater happiness and His greater honor and glory.

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FIFTY YEARS AGO

CAHIRGUILLAMORE.

I was born May 10, 1829. The place of my birth is known as Cahirguillamore. Cahirguillamore is in the parish of Grange, County Limerick, Ireland. The parish of Grange is succursal to the parish of Bruff. The village of Grange is three miles north of the town of Bruff. Cahirguillamore is one mile west of the village of Grange. Cahir in the Irish language signifies city, or, more properly, a city having jurisdiction, as a bishop's see, or the seat of a judge. Cahir—pronounced in the Irish language Kāuhēér—means chair or bench, and is analogous in meaning to cathedra. The suffix Guillamore (in Irish, Giolla Mōr) signifies big knight; but who the big knight was is uncertain, though a vague tradition points to him as the famous White Knight of the sixteenth century. At present Cahirguillamore (the City of the Big Knight) is the home of the descendants of Chief Baron Standish O'Grady, who was raised to the peerage of Ireland, as Lord Guillamore, in 1831.

There are many Cahirs in Ireland, distinguished by their suffixes, such as Cahir-civeen, Cahir-daniel, Cahir-eméć, Cahir-norry, Cahir-korna. The ruins of Cahir-guillamore, which are extensive, show that it was once an important city; but the age to which it belonged is in the same obscurity as Ireland's round towers or the pyramids of Egypt.

The year 1829, in which I was born, marks the beginning of the epoch of religious toleration of Catholics in Ireland, at the close of a period of persecution of three hundred years, which equalled in cruelty and duration the persecutions of Christians in the Roman Empire from Nero to Constantine. Catholic Emancipation in the British Empire was read a third time and passed in the British Parliament on the 10th of April, 1829, which was one month before I was born.

My parents were James Hogan and Ellen Connor. James Hogan was born in Cahir, County Limerick, Ireland, in 1785. Ellen Connor, my mother, was born at Uregar, Drommin, County Limerick, Ireland, in 1792. My father was well educated in the Irish and English languages, in mathematics, and in Latin and Greek classics. My mother knew Irish and English well, and was up to the advanced common-school grade of her time. My

father, though educated for a profession, had the good sense to confine his ambition to the safer and less contentious way of living as a farmer of land and a dealer in cattle and crops; and besides, the penal laws, then in force in Ireland, debarred Catholics from the learned professions and from Government office, unless upon recusancy of their faith, which, in my father's case, was an insuperable objection.

My parents married in 1812. My father died at Cahirguillamore in 1856, the seventy-first year of his age; my mother died, likewise at Cahirguillamore, in 1832, in the fortieth year of her age. My father did not make a second marriage. They were exemplary parents, and governed their children and household strictly, in accordance with teachings of Christian faith and morals. God grant them eternal rest in peace. Amen.

The homestead where I was born has been greatly altered by the vicissitudes of times and masters for sixty years. The evergreen hedges, venerable shade trees, kitchen garden, orchard, farm yard, and out offices have suffered the fate of Goldsmith's Desereted Village. In a corner of a cattle range a solitary stone house remains.

RAHEN.

I was the youngest but one of nine children, seven sons and two daughters. At the age of five I went with my brothers and sisters and several neighboring children to school to Andrew Slattery, who taught in the village of Rahen, half a mile distant from the family residence. I had for intimate schoolmate a little boy of my own age and size, named Patsy Scott. Patsy and Johnny sat side by side in school, and were very much attached. Patsy was fond of me and I was fond of Patsy. We had our battles, however; once we had a very hot battle. Patsy drew a pin from his plaid dress and stuck it at me, and I drew a pin from my plaid dress and stuck it at Patsy. He cried and bawled and I cried and bawled. Then the master jumped up from his chair and made straightway for us, rod in hand. We thought we were to be killed on the spot, and we roared and bawled seven times louder than before. All the boys and girls in school got into roars of laughter. How long it took to quell the riot I do not remember. But Patsy and Johnny soon became friends again, and were good boys after that. Dear Patsy, I love you still, and all the more because I know not whither you have gone from me, or whether you be

living or dead. A separation of nigh unto seventy years leaves the heart in a desolate winter, and with no hope whatever of a coming spring, in this life at least.

We were the babes of the school, petted and caressed by all our elders. But strange things happen. There sat beside us in our class, the A B C class, a tall, towering, red-faced, bulky, bushy-headed fellow, the happy, good-natured giant of the school, between whose father and Andy Slattery, the schoolmater, an agreement had been in existence for years, to the effect that when George Weekes, Jr., would have learned his A B Cs successfully, George Weekes, Sr., would pay to the said Andrew Slattery, schoolmaster, the sum of five guineas in gold and the further emolument of a full suit of best broadcloth and a silk Caroline hat—a bargain under which, as a natter of notoriety, Andy Slattery, schoolmaster, was oser to his dying day.

For this brilliant schoolmate of mine such affection as I had was of the most Platonic kind; yet it had not worn less with the flight of time, neither had George met him again, forty years later, when a pilgrim to my native land. I found him as a patriarch of old, surrounded by his happy wife and houseful of blooming children. George Weekes' family home and broad acres

are at Knockfinnel, overlooking Lough Gur, near Knockadoon, in County Limerick, South Munster, the land of the Desmonds—in more ancient times, the land of the Eugenians, the descendants of Eoghan Moore, the son of Olioll Ollum, the King of Munster.

This little village school at Rahen had one great attraction for its pupils, which happily fell to my lot to enjoy, for at that time the famous hedge schools of old were by no means a relic of the past in Ireland. When the dark chilly days of the winter of 1834–35 had passed away and given place to the bright warm spring and early summer, Andy Slattery's scholars joyfully exchanged the dimly lighted little school-house, which was Master Andy's residence, for a vicinal sunny glade, sheltered by a thicket of hawthorns, where, under the leafy branches of ash and elm trees, they spread themselves at full length on the grass or sat upon stone seats ranged in rows before the master's chair. It was easy and pleasant to learn amidst such surroundings. Unconsciously, Master Andy Slattery's scholars were Nature's most happy children. Our good Master Andy, at other times rigid and exacting, was then indulgent, condescending, and pleasant. As naturally as the grass and the daisies grew and bloomed at our feet, or as the warm sunlight streamed

through the branches of the trees, so we sought to please our master; so we learned our lessons; so our tasks were light as air to us; so we feasted on mental wealth, as delightful to us as the fragrance of the lilacs and the apple-blossoms that fringed the neighboring fields, the confines of our play-grounds. The larger little ones, boys and girls, and those more adolescent, were learning spelling, reading, and catechism, and had copy-books, arithmetics, and slates and pencils. I was a minim. I had learned my prayers at home, the prayers that all little ones usually learn, and that remain with them in their memories a blessing unto their dying day—the Lord's Prayer, the Hail, Mary! the Apostles' Creed, and the little verses:

“There are four corners on my bed;
There are four angels on them spread.
Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John,
God bless the bed that I lie on.”

“Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray to God my soul to keep;
And if I die before I wake,
I pray to God my soul to take.

“God bless my father; God rest my mother's soul, and the souls of all the faithful departed.”

“Sweet Jesus, my Saviour, I give you my heart and soul.”

At school I was the happy possessor of a primer that was fairly aglow with bright, beautiful pictures. I was sure and certain that my primer had more pictures in it than the primer of any boy or girl in school; and I was the challenger of every boy and girl in school to cog pictures with me, as we termed our contest, which usually went on in this way:

“Show me one for that.” “There it is.”
“Show me one for that.” “There it is.”
“Show me one for that.” “There it is.”

And so the contest went on, picture for picture, until one or other of the combatants had shown his last picture, whilst the other had pictures yet to show; then the vanquished had to acknowledge defeat. But this mode of learning was contraband of school. And at school as well as at war there is usually no lack of spies. The spies, as impudent and shameless as barking dogs on their hind legs, usually stood up straight in school and cried out to the master: “Two here, sir, cogging pictures!” This *viva voce* indictment in open court usually put a stop to the young gamblers, and before they had finished the game.

Each page of my primer had a large, beautiful picture illustrating a letter of the alphabet, with which letter

the name of the object-picture began. This letter, the one to be learned from that page, was printed in large and small type, set above or by the side of the picture. Each picture had a short legend in rhyme, telling what the picture signified. The pleasure of looking at the beautiful pictures in their bright coloring kept me busy turning the pages over, and learning the letters explained to me by the teacher, or more usually by some little boy or girl who knew more than I did, and who seemed wonderfully learned to me. The task of learning the alphabet by this method was easy and pleasant, and, with the rhymes once learned, could never be forgotten. Now, after a lapse of more than sixty years, my mind having been impressed by numberless ideas, most of which are beyond recall, the primer lesson of childhood abides, fresh as a new-born flower—a joy that never fades. Thus went the rhymes that rhymed:

“A, a, was an ass hard laden with goods;
B, b, was a bear that lived in the woods.

“C, c, was a cat that killed rats in the night;
D, d, was a dog that would snarl and bite.

“E, e, was an elephant, and fifty years old;
F, f, was a fowler, both crafty and bold.

“G, g, was a goat that lived in the hills;
H, h, was a horse that carried bags to the mills.

“I, i, was a jay that would prate in a pie;
K, k, was a kite that soared in the sky.

“L, l, was a leopard, and spotted with grey;
M, m, was a mongrel fish that lived in the sea.

“N, n, was a nightingale that sang in the spring;
O, o, was an owl, an ill-looking thing.

“P, p, was a parrot that would chatter and prate;
Q, q, was a quail that piped early and late.

“R, r, was a robber that died by the rope;
S, s, was a sultan as great as a Pope.

“T, t, was a tailor, a lover of apes;
V, v, was a viper of different shapes.

“W, w, was a wolf dog that guarded the fold;
X, x, was a Xantippe, a terrible scold.”

The following is another primer rhyme from the hedge school at Rahen:

“A was an apple pie;
B bit it,
C cut it,
D divided it,
E eat it,
F fought for it,
G got it,
H had it,
I eyed it,
L longed for it,
O opened it,
P peeped at it,

Q quartered it,
R ran for it,
S sought it,
T turned it,
V viewed it,
X, Y, Z, I wish I had a piece of it
in my hand."

But Rahen is no more; or, rather, what is Rahen now is not the Rahen that was in the former years. The teacher of the village school is gone—has gone long since to his heavenly reward. The beautiful little boys and girls that played at Rahen under the hawthorns and the elms, and that learned their lessons at the Rahen school, are there no longer. Of the fifteen or twenty homes, wherein as many families dwelt in peace and contentment, not one remains. Over these humble dwellings and happy firesides the green grass grows. The place is silent as death and solitary as the grave. Emigration, persecution, inhuman legislation, have done their baneful work. The virtues and the affections that dwelt there are as if they never had been. No trace is left of humble lives most worthy of recall. Of these obliterated homes may be said, as of a famous city of old, "Even the very ruins have perished." Of these ruins of Rahen, only one remains; not immediately within the village site, but on its

confines—"a noble wreck in ruinous perfection, standing, with half its battlements, alone." Windowless and roofless, it withstands the fury of the elements. The Rathen Great House, it is still called; the home of the Rathen O'Gradys—a young barrister and his two beautiful maiden sisters, who, refusing to renounce their Catholic faith for worldly possessions and preferments, fled with their honor and their lives to France; to what part of France no one knows, as from them no word has ever come back to their native country or the home of their childhood.

HOLY CROSS.

At seven years of age I was sent to school to Michael Kelly, who taught in the village of Holy Cross, one mile distant from the family residence. The way led to school by no public road, but by a private path through fields, meadows, and groves and along hawthorn hedges, where there were, in the season, apple-blossoms in profusion, and many birds' nests in the sweet-scented bushes in spring. I was not alone, nor was that path to and from school a solitary one, mornings and evenings; with me was a gay, noisy, thoughtless troop of more than twenty little ones, boys and girls, from several neighboring families.

Merrily we hied and played along together: chasing the little birds on the bushes, racing for the brightest primroses that grew along the path; watching the crows and magpies that nested in the groves; wondering how the little skylarks that we heard singing above the clouds could have got up so high; listening to the cuckoos that cooed from tree to tree and that were followed by flocks of smaller birds, who, charmed by the cuckoos' coos, forgot their own sweet warblings.

Often we started up from their warm, cozy beds in the meadows hares and rabbits, who delighted and amazed us by their agility and speed as they scampered off, bobbing their white tails in the distance. Sometimes, too, we were frightened and put on the run by wicked-looking weasels and thorny porcupines. All these encounters and adventures furnished reasons more than enough for our loitering along the way and why our hearts were beating when, coming in sight of the school-house, we knew we were late and that a strict accounting awaited us as to how and where we had spent our time all the morning up to that late hour of the day. Ah! well may little ones fear when they know they have not been good and have to answer to a strict teacher for their sight-seeing and their loitering.

We were children easily frightened, as the following will show: Once, on our way to school, as usual not hurrying, we had passed through a clump of trees called Murnane's Grove and were emerging therefrom over a stile, when we saw coming towards us a tall man, wearing a battered straw hat and tattered clothes. He was laughing, as we thought, and reading aloud to himself from a screed of torn paper he held in his hand; nobody in hearing that we could see. We looked at him; he looked at us with a wild look, as we thought. Instantly some little one of our company shrieked aloud, "Madman! Madman!" Presently we broke ranks and stampeded, each one screaming and running as for bare life. We could not be rallied until we had reached home. For the whole day we were out of breath, thinking the madman was following us. The next day it took a man as big as a giant and with a club as long as a young tree to go before us through Murnane's Grove and save us from the madman on our way to and returning from school. The cry "Madman!" was then a common terror to little ones. Only then had humane efforts been well begun in Ireland to gather lunatics from the roads and byways and sequester them in asylums.

I learned fast at that Holy Cross school, or I conjecture I did so, from the fact, which I remember well, that I was able to write and read writing between my seventh and eighth years. In the foot-line of the copy-book of one of my companions I read the date, as written there, January 1, 1836. "That is not correct," said I. "Blot out 1836 and write 1837; we are now in the year 1837."

I remember very well some stirring events of that year, 1837. One of these events was, that day after day detachments of red-coated British soldiers carrying guns, bayonets, and knapsacks, with flags flying, regimental bands playing, and big drums beating, passed by our school-house on the way to Cork to embark for Canada, where a bloody war was going on and where (as it was said) all British soldiers were killed as soon as they landed. The reports that reached Ireland of the great slaughter going on in Canada made the poor soldiers downhearted and caused many of them to desert on the way to Cork. As the several detachments marched by, all the little ones of the school, boys and girls, usually rushed pell-mell out of doors; and many were the sighs and tears from aching hearts and weeping eyes in pity for

the poor soldiers, who were going away across the sea to be killed and who were never more to see Ireland again.

Another event of that year, 1837, is fresh in my memory. Three or four of us, young lads from eight to ten years of age, were on our way to school together. Noticing with delight that we were a squad of boys only, for we hated the little girls, who, though our sisters or cousins, were usually spies upon us and tell-tales against us at school and at home; so we were glad we had none of the little dames with us—"little hussies," we sometimes called them. In our unbounded happiness for our greater freedom and in search for adventures new, we left the usual path through the fields and meadows and took a more round-about way, through what was called the Rockbarton demesne, from which there was an exit to a public road that led to Holy Cross. Passing by the elegant church with its massive tower, commonly called the White Hall Steeple, that stood on the side of the road opposite to the grand three-gate entrance to the Rockbarton Manor House and demesne of Lord Viscount Guillamore, Chief Baron O'Grady, we noticed that the splendid gate opening into the pleasure-grounds that surrounded the church was ajar. Passing through this gate, we went to the front door of the church, which we found

open. Looking into the inside of the church, we saw no one there; we heard no voices or footsteps. Presently one of our company, Carroll by name, ran into the body of the church, down the aisle, and up into the pulpit, where, having found a large gilt Bible, he tore out its pages from cover to cover and scattered them in handfuls over the pews and floor, as a storm whirls amain the brown leaves of autumn in the forest. Needless to say, this act was not aforethought, nor had Carroll any motive for entering the church other than from curiosity or the restlessness of youth. He was English born, a native of London, on a visit for a season to his relatives in Ireland. But his act, though but a momentary impulse, showed not only irreverence, but hatred also of the church he had entered. It was the Church the Government of England had forced on the Irish people against their will and had compelled the Irish people to support and maintain, although opposed to their conscience. This unfortunate Church had caused great trouble in England and her colonies. It was from the persecutions of this Church that the Puritan fled to New England and the Catholic to Maryland, to find in the wilderness and amongst savage tribes the peace denied them at home. No doubt it was the knowledge of these

persecutions, learned by Carroll from his parents in England and from his friends in Ireland, that inspired him to do his fiercely wild and thoughtless act. Well and fully he had known that the pulpit he had entered was an intruder and a plunderer in Ireland—that the gilded Bible, the glittering church, the ruddy, rotund parson, with his well-fed, well-dressed wife and children and servants around him, and who dwelt in a luxurious glebe-house with park and lawn surroundings, were not representative or expositive of the true and honest gospel of Christ. He knew too well what was in the mouths of everyone, that all this wealth, grandeur, and show of the Church of England, as established in Ireland, was procured from the sales of church property robbed from the Irish Catholics and from tithes collected from them by distraint at the mouth of the cannon and the point of the bayonet, whilst the Catholics were outlawed for adhering to their faith and driven from the shelter of home to die of hunger and cold by the roadside. As a matter of fact, one of these youngsters with Carroll was a member of a family that in the preceding generation had been dispossessed of home and lands, which were converted into a glebe demesne for one of the predecessors of the parson who lost his Government Bible at Carroll's hands. The

gang of young rebels who saw what Carroll had done felt no remorse for his deed as a companion of theirs, and loyally they kept his secret. That parson never learned who it was that entered his pulpit and gave his glittering folios to the winds. The young Rapparees, who were the parson's undoing, had hearts true as steel and that were afire with love and loyalty to their native country and its persecuted religion.

The Lord Viscount Guillamore, Chief Baron O'Grady, resident owner of Rockbarton Great House and demesne, herein spoken of, was Standish O'Grady, barrister-at-law, assistant to Sir William Conyngham Plunkett, Attorney-General for Ireland at the trial of Robert Emmet in 1803, was promoted to the peerage in 1831, and died at Rockbarton House, April 20, 1840, aged seventy years. I knew him well, and his children and grandchildren. I was at his funeral, with many other boys of my size and age, in uniform of scarf and white zephyr bands fastened around our caps and festooned loosely over our necks and shoulders. The body lay in state for a week in the baron's spacious library, waiting for the nobility of Ireland to assemble at the funeral. On the day of the funeral the body, in a leaden coffin, was passed out through a window of the library, which was in the lower

story of the house, opening on the lawn. Six horses, caparisoned in black velvet with gold fringes, attached to the lofty funeral car with its nodding plumes of sable black, bore the body away to the O'Grady family vault in the Knockany churchyard, three miles distant. The inscription, "*Vulneratus Victus*," on the door of the O'Grady burial vault, but too truly symbolized the family's fallen condition. But notwithstanding their defection in modern times from faith and country, the Irish people have an undying love for the O'Gradys, on account of their old-time loyalty and their many virtues in the days gone by. The present incumbent of the Lord Viscount Guillamore peerage is Hardress Standish O'Grady, grandson of the said Chief Baron O'Grady, who died in 1840. Hardress Standish O'Grady is (now in 1898) the fifth successor to that peerage since its erection in 1831, and, being without issue, the peerage will die with him. Blessings have not followed those who persecuted poor Emmet in the dock and who likewise bore down unmercifully on many others for having been loyal to Ireland. The O'Gradys are dying out fast. The several branches of the once loved and respected old family are the following: O'Gradys of Kilballyowen, O'Gradys of Grange, O'Gradys of Rockbarton and Cahirguillamore. All these

are perverts. Only one branch of the family remained loyal and faithful—the O'Gradys of Rahen, of whom mention has been already made in these pages.

My lessons at Holy Cross village school were spelling, reading, writing, arithmetic, catechism, Bible history. I am not vain if I say I learned fast at that Holy Cross village school; I know I did learn fast there. But my growing diligence was mainly due to the magic of the badge of office in the master's hand. That keen-sighted master soon saw very well that sweet smiles and honeyed words had as much weight as chaff with most of the youngsters he had to manage. There was one kind of persuasion that had full value with those lads, and that was the rattle on the jackets on their backs from a cat-o'-nine tails of regulation pattern, or the bumps on their heads from blows with the brass door-knob that decorated the handle end of the said cat. They were not of the faint-hearted kind, ever willing to atone by sobs and sighs for faults they had not been convicted of, or to make promises they did not mean to keep, abridging their freedom; for although they knew well that the stripes they got across their shoulders were condign, yet they were not fully prepared to admit that they had been totally conquered. A thousand times worse than silly

they would have been, which they never were indeed, to appeal from the grand mogul of the school to the powers at home for reversal of judgment. Such reversal, if they got it, would be a worthless salve for punishment already inflicted. Stripes and bruises from the master's hand were the loudest kind of evidence that the young lads had been in mischief, and that the chastisement they got was not half of what they had deserved would be the parental supreme court decision.

Once, in company with several other boys, having loitered too long on the way to school, and fearing correction for tardiness for which we had no sufficient excuse, we turned aside from the pathway and hid ourselves in a thick furze covert of several acres in extent. When evening came, we went home as usual and kept silent as to where we had been. The next day we played truant again. Truants we were again, and then day after day for a week or more. Ah, how much pleasanter it was to a gang of truant boys to be in hiding under bushes than to be too conveniently near the tip end of the master's cat-o'-nine-tails! The covert in which we hid was thickly set with tall pine trees, to which the furze was an undergrowth. There we climbed trees, looked for birds' nests, ran races, played hide and seek, masqueraded grand Turk

and Indian chief, our heads turbaned with pine plumes and rushes. Our biggest boy, the most stalwart fellow amongst us, we threw down on the ground on his face and hands, then we stretched him lengthwise across a steep water-drain, and on his long back enjoyed ourselves, chasing each other over and hither, as in the picture in our books we saw squirrels running on a log. But our hey-day was soon to come to an end. We had been missed from school. Search was made for us. Ah, the mean scouts that betrayed us! Like snakes, they crawled on the grass and hid behind bushes until they spied us. Then they went and told the master. A *posse comitatus* of big boys from the school was sent to gather us in. We were surrounded, trapped, captured, and marched ignominiously into the master's presence. Without formalities, we were sentenced to die the death. I began to make a speech from the dock. Before a word was out of my mouth, I was grasped, as in a vise, by the rough hands of the biggest boy in school. That fellow's back was the common gallows, on which truant boys paid the penalty for their misdeeds, and when the execution was over, it was considerable time before the felon that died the death showed himself any way lively again.

Riding was one of our favorite sports in those days. We usually indulged in it on school holidays, or when the master was sick, which meant we were scott-free until he had got over the measles. Our riding-course comprised two large adjoining fields, called Barnhill and Feahmoor, which were traversed by lines of hillocks with sharp ascents and declivities and by steep earthen dikes or ramparts curtained by water. This was the topography of Feahmoor, where the riding exploits took place. The Barnhill was rather more rocky, and therefore more suggestive of cracked skulls and broken bones of inexpert young jockies. These fields, to the great delight of us youngsters, had a never-failing supply of lively, well-fed donkeys, young and old. Old donkeys were not boys' first choice, on account of their vicious habits, of biting their riders' legs and rushing their riders against thorny hedges and stone walls. Young donkeys were more choice, as more inexperienced in warfare with bad boys, who usually wished to enjoy a ride without being put *hors de combat*. To ride a fast young donkey and to hold on his back trotting and galloping and in spite of hoisting, kicking, and rearing, constituted a boy an undergraduate in assmanship. But the honor of a diploma was reserved for the final test, to be made with the rider's face

towards the donkey's tail. At this tournament it was against the rules, and was inconvenient besides, to use a bridle; but the rider might hold on to the wool as best he could. Success achieved under these circumstances was proclaimed by the whole field with vociferous rejoicing. Discomfiture, on the other hand, never failed to be followed by roars of side-splitting laughter, especially if the young knight-errant should happen to land heels up in a mud-puddle or in a ditch of water. Not every boy, after a defeat or two of that kind, would be willing to try it again; and boys with soiled jackets and pants and mud-died shirt-tuckers were usually not gallant enough to face their mammas at home, for full well they knew what strong faith these mammas had in the virtue of the tough birch twig that was kept ready for use and that was well seasoned.

Our less exciting exercises were fishing, swimming, hurling, running, leaping, vaulting, wrestling, throwing cast, climbing trees, playing leap-frog, scaling old castles and old abbey walls. In all these accomplishments I was post-graduate at the ripe age of ten. It was then no doubt clearly seen, fully as well as I knew it myself, that the village school of Holy Cross could not hold me in leash much longer. As to what conclusions in regard to me

had been reached then by those who had me in charge I was not particularly informed. Very soon, however, I was given an opportunity to comprehend their full force and meaning. An elderly gentleman arrived at my father's house—Mr. Patrick Ignatius Mulcaire by name, by occupation a college professor, then in retirement from duty. With formalities appropriate to his dignity and my dubiosity, I was introduced to him as my teacher. He proceeded to express his sincere good wishes for me and his hopes for my success. His speech was condescending and graceful, but, stripped of its verbiage, it meant, in short, that he had me by the nape of the neck and that I had better at once submit and recognize his government of me as *de facto*.

PROFESSOR MULCAIRE.

Mr. Mulcaire, a man of business, was not slow to arrange a curriculum for me and to order the necessary class-books. These were chiefly Lindley Murray's English Grammar, *Æsop's Fables* in French, Eton Latin Grammar, a French Grammar, and selections from the writings and speeches of Edmund Burke, Henry Grattan, Richard Labor Shiel, and Daniel O'Connell. I had no trouble with the grammar lessons, as my memory was good,

though not very retentive. My French lessons were not insisted on very much, as they had increased my naturally slow and impeded articulation—a very marked stammer or stutter—which it was Mr. Mulcaire's chief business to teach me to overcome. The grand and glowing eloquence of Burke, Grattan, Curran, and Shiel was a delight to me; and in the fervor which their brilliant periods kindled in my mind and feelings, my hesitancy in speech melted away as ice before the breath of spring. One great point had been already gained for me by my astute teacher, who, having noticed my predisposition to choice readings of prose and poetry of the better class, was upon the alert to cater to my tastes in this respect.

Amongst Mr. Mulcaire's selections for my benefit were not only books of the aforesaid class, but newspapers likewise, and those chiefly that contained the stirring debates then going on in the British Parliament on questions of absorbing interest—the Chartist agitation for extended suffrage, the Anti-Corn Law League led by Richard Cobden, the free trade and income-tax policy of Sir Robert Peel as against excise duties on the necessities of life. It was my teacher's care to explain these topics to me and to rouse my interest in them; also amongst his selections of books for me were novels of the better class and that

were written after the best models of English literature. Notably of this kind was "The Old English Baron," a Gothic story of strong moral effect and intense interest to the youthful mind. I wonder why "The Old English Baron" has gone out of print, or how it is that it is unpublished and unknown in America? Cordery's "Latin Colloquies" was another book selected for me by Mr. Mulcaire; a very useful book it is for a boy learning to speak Latin. This book, too, as it seems, is unknown and unpublished in America. I need not say that Mr. Mulcaire took great pains to procure for me the best and most useful books of piety and Christian instruction. During 1839, 1840, and 1841 I continued to learn Latin, Greek, French, and English under Mr. Mulcaire's direction. During this time, instructed by him in the catechism, I made preparation for first communion and confirmation, which I then duly received. It is to him I owe the gradual bending of my mind to the love of study and my emancipation from inordinate love of play and playmates. His direction of me was effected by uniform kindness; and I do not remember that he ever had recourse to commands to keep me to the line of duty. His appointment as my teacher was by the advice of my oldest brother, then a professed member of the Franciscan Order, a stu-

dent in the College of St. Isidore at Rome, where he died on the eve of his advancement to holy orders. At this stage of studies, being in my twelfth year, it was decided that I should contend with my equals at the classical schools; especially those most frequented by students for the ecclesiastical state.

MEANUS.

Accordingly, in 1842, I attended a classical school, taught by Mr. Thomas Heffernan, at Meanus, one mile westward from the family residence. This school was taught in the Chapel of Meanus, which was succursal to the parish of Bruff. Mass was celebrated in the Meanus Chapel on Sundays and holy days and for the convenience of such as could not go to mass at Bruff, which was three miles distant. The Chapel of Meanus, which was small and antiquated, was most attractive as a place of prayer and study. It stood on a grass plot, within a grove inclosed by a stone wall of good masonry, with an iron gate, and over all the embowering trees spread their sheltering branches. Within the chancel of that little chapel were four sanctuary pews, belonging to the four principal patronal families of the parish. The pew on the Epistle side belonged to four maiden sisters, the Misses Gleeson,

the surviving members of a respectable family from ancient times, resident at Green Lawn, hard by the chapel. By invitation of these gentle ladies, I occupied their pew as a place of study and to keep my books in while attending the chapel school. The pew on the Gospel side of the sanctuary belonged to a respectable gentleman of dignified and patriarchal presence, Patrick O'Meara, Esq., of Boheryeela, who on the part of himself and members of his family, appointed his pew to Master Richard Kane, of Rathmore, for his use while a pupil of the chapel school. And here I cannot forbear expressing my feelings of tenderest affection for one so dear to me as Richard Kane. A graceful boy he was, scarce twelve years old, with a face ever wreathed in smiles and fair as an angel's. His wavy curling hair fell down in soft, loose folds over the velvet jacket that draped his delicate shoulders. Rather timid and diffident he was, but offensive or disagreeable never. Gentleness, intelligence, affection, devotion, dutifulness, were his characteristics as a schoolboy. In no other vesture did his nature clothe him. He, too, devoted himself to the American missions. Having crossed the ocean at the age of eighteen, he readily obtained admission into Mount St. Mary's Seminary, Emmitsburg, Md., where, having distinguished himself as a

student and professor, he was adopted by the Most Reverend Anthony Blanc, D.D., Archbishop of New Orleans, and was for that diocese ordained priest in 1854, being then in his twenty-third year. As assistant priest, secretary to the Archbishop, chancellor of the diocese, college professor, newspaper editor, he worked laboriously until, borne down by ill health, he departed this life in the nineteenth year of his priesthood and the forty-second of his age, on August 27, 1873. May God grant his immortal soul eternal rest and peace. Amen.

On my way through Ireland in 1869, to attend the Vatican Council at Rome, I stopped for a moment at Meanus. There, staring widely around, I looked for the old chapel; it was gone; no trace of it was to be found; the trees had disappeared; the walls had been leveled and scattered; the iron gate had been taken away; a new chapel of better construction had been erected near by on another site. But the dear old chapel—the chapel of my childhood, with all its loving memories and tender associations—gone, gone, gone! Ah! who will say that this world does not change, or that those who were young do not grow old? Ah! my poor heart was sore. There I stood, alone, alone! Those that I had loved—they were not there!

CROOM.

Ash Wednesday morning, March 1, 1843, marks the beginning of a sadness for me, which seems never-ending. It was a cold and dreary day. A floss of white frost hung on the branches of the trees and on the grass of the meadows and fields. I was fourteen years of age; in jacket and trousers. My brother, six years my senior, took me gently by the arm and spoke kindly to me. I could make no reply to him. My sobs were too deep for utterance; my gushing tears were as "the raindrops without measure." Never until then had I felt the full depth of my sorrow—an unhappy boy without a mother to pity me or to give me with her blessing a farewell word at parting. I was told not to sob and cry, for I was not going away to never come back; but I knew better. I felt that the shadow of the future that was before me was not that I would not see home again, but that my setting out from home meant a life-journey in that one direction. At the schools of Rahen, Holy Cross, and Meanus I was at home, for I returned home every evening; but to go to school many miles away meant to be from home and amongst strangers. How could I endure it? Why should I have been told to go away and to stay away?

'Home of my fathers! Silent tomb,
Where sleep the hopes of former years!
How many flowers have lost their bloom
Since then I left thee, bathed in tears;
How many joys that youth had given
Amid thy fragrant bowers are hushed;
How many silver links been riven
From life's long chain, time-worn and crushed!"

Thursday, March 2, 1843, I entered the best school in the diocese of Limerick, the one at Croom, conducted by an accomplished and agreeable gentleman and a thorough scholar, Mr. Patrick Kenny, with an attendance of fifty young men, for classics only.

That year, 1843, was a memorable year in the history of Ireland. The temperance movement, begun in 1835, by Rev. Theobald Mathew, had by this time leavened the whole Irish people to sobriety, unanimity, and peacefulness, and with these went the additional blessings of fruitful harvests and general prosperity. Never before in Ireland was there such an advance altogether of the most powerful factors and agencies, of religious, intellectual, social, and moral progress. There was a constantly increasing attendance at the churches, colleges, schools, lyceums, reading-rooms, lecture-halls, trades-meetings, mercantile clubs, agricultural associations, orchestral entertainments, fair and hurling green amusements, and

over all were spread the blessed angel wings of peace and virtue. Never before had the population of Ireland attained the numbers it counted on that year—8,750,000 inhabitants.

In the midst of all these blessings that presaged greater blessings to come, Daniel O'Connell, the great Irish leader, unfurled the banner of repeal, as it was called, which meant home government for Ireland. Strange to say that Ireland, a nation of 8,750,000 people, larger in territory than Greece and Switzerland together or than Holland and Belgium together, that had furnished Wellington and Nelson with half their army and naval forces that had conquered the world, should be without a legislature of its own, as in fact it is unto this present day; strange to say that an enlightened and liberty-loving nation, as England is said to be, should have legislated so adversely and should so continue to legislate adversely to Ireland and its wishes and interests.

In 1496 the English statute, to King Henry VII., known as the Poyning Law, from its promoter Edward Poyning, an Englishman, Lord Deputy for Ireland, enacted that Englishmen should govern Ireland, and that Ireland had of itself no legislative power to introduce a law not first passed and sanctioned by England. From

1496 to 1782—that is to say, for 286 years, this kind of legislation kept Ireland impoverished and degraded.

During the American War for Independence, Ireland, denuded of British troops sent off to the American war, raised an army for home protection and defense in any emergency that might arise. This army, 80,000 strong, called the Irish Volunteers, armed and equipped in 1779, was thoroughly Irish in organization, spirit, and purpose. England would have prevented this Irish volunteer movement had she not been then engaged with all her forces in the American war.

Following the final defeat of the English at Yorktown, October 17, 1781, the Irish Volunteers, not having availed of the opportunity to free their own country while England was in battle, had now to disband or proclaim the independence of Ireland, which they were unwilling or unable to maintain. However, before disbanding and while still armed and organized, they held a convention at Dungannon, in County Tyrone, and there resolved that Irishmen only should thenceforward legislate for Ireland and rule it. This resolution of the Irish Volunteers, who were still under arms, was formulated by Henry Grattan into an ultimatum and forthwith laid before the British Parliament in words, "We demand immediate repeal of

Poyning's law." This ultimatum of the Irish Volunteers, presented by Henry Grattan, passed both houses of the British Parliament simultaneously in April, 1782. Thereupon Henry Grattan, having obtained what was called "the Constitutional Charter of 1782," returned to Ireland and disbanded the Volunteers. In his rejoicing he exclaimed in a public address: "Ireland is now a nation. In that august character I hail her. Bowing to her august presence, I say, '*Esto perpetua!*'" But alas! and not for the first time, Ireland was doomed to disappointment by England's insincerity. The Volunteer Parliament faded with the fading ranks of the Volunteers. In 1800 Grattan's "*esto perpetua*" idol was lifted off her pedestal in Dublin and taken to London, whither Irishmen must now go to bow to her august presence.

The humiliating sense and shame of all this wrong and injustice aroused the great heart and soul of O'Connell to unite and lead the Irish people in a peaceable demand upon England for a restoration to Ireland of her rights and liberty. The Irish people, responsive to O'Connell, organized the monster meetings of Tara and Mullaghmast, where hundreds of thousands assembled, and the no less enthusiastic gatherings at every city, town, village, and cross-roads, wherever the great cham-

pion of liberty was to pass along on his journeys. The students of the Croom Classical School, headed by their esteemed and distinguished teacher, Mr. Patrick Kenny, never failed to attend these repeal meetings whenever held within a day's journey; and entrancing was our delight hearing the great Irish tribune in defense of human liberty, and the thunder of his arguments denouncing tyranny and bondage. In the words and spirit of our illustrious pontiff, Leo XIII., who, when a young man, heard O'Connell deliver a speech in the British House of Parliament, I can fully and truly say of O'Connell, "*Fuit magnus!*" ("Great he was!")

To bear the expense of the campaign for repeal, O'Connell organized an association, of which almost every man and boy in Ireland was a member. Upon payment of one shilling towards the funds of the association, the payer became a member and was entitled to have his name enrolled as a Repealer, in evidence of which a certificate of membership was given him, as follows:

LOYAL NATIONAL REPEAL ASSOCIATION
OF IRELAND.

The bearer, having paid one shilling, is enrolled as a Repealer on the books of the Association.

Dated this . . . day of . . . , 1843.
THOMAS MATTHEW RAY, Sec'y
1782 Irish Parliament. It was, and shall be.

Each member of the Association got with his Repeal card a large, shining brass button, emblazoned with appropriate national emblems, which, as a loyal Repealer, he was required to wear conspicuously on his breast. The shining, conspicuous Repeal brass button never failed to bring on a contest when an anti-Repealer caught sight of it. The spirit of the conflict was usually somewhat as the following:

On one of my occasional returns to my father's house for a day from the Croom school, in company with one of my brothers, I rambled leisurely from my father's farm into the adjoining Cahir demesne of Lord Guillamore, where, on the main avenue in front of the Cahir Manor House, we met his lordship, who, upon seeing us, walked

towards us, and, as we bowed to him, put the following questions to us, to which my brother replied:

“Aren’t you, my good boys, some of the Hogans of Cahir?”

“Please your lordship, we are.”

“Sons to James Hogan?”

“Yes, please your lordship.”

“What are those buttons you wear on your breasts?”

“They are Repeal buttons, please your lordship.”

“What is a Repeal button?”

“A Repeal button, please your lordship, is a badge to signify that the person who wears it is a petitioner to the English Government to give back to Ireland the Parliament which the English Government has taken away from Ireland.”

“Does your father know that you wear that button?”

“He does, my lord.”

“I wonder at your father to give you such liberty.”

We bowed profoundly; his lordship turned his back to us and walked away.

As already stated in these pages, Standish O’Grady, Assistant Attorney-General for Ireland, was promoted to the peerage of Ireland in 1831 under the title of Lord Viscount Guillamore, and died in 1840. His oldest son,

Colonel Standish O'Grady, commander of a regiment at Waterloo, succeeded to said peerage in 1840, but continued to occupy his usual residence, the Cahir Manor House, which stood upon the same demesne as the Rockbarton Manor House; the two residences being about a half-mile apart. This second Guillamore it was who questioned us on the meaning of the Repeal buttons, which he knew better than we could tell him. He died in 1847. After him came his eldest son, Standish O'Grady, a minor, and under a guardian until 1851, when he became third Lord Guillamore, but did not enjoy the peerage long. After the third Lord Guillamore came his next oldest brother, Paget O'Grady, fourth Lord Guillamore, who died in 1877, and was succeeded by his next oldest brother, Hardress Standish O'Grady, the fifth Lord Guillamore, the present incumbent. The third and fourth Guillamores, Standish and Paget O'Grady, were my playmates in our young days, at Cahirguillamore, on the beautiful cricket-ground, the orchard meadow, near the Cahir manor house.

In 1843 O'Connell had already won to his cause the moral support, not only of Ireland, but, in a measure, of the whole world, the British Government excepted. To lure him from his purpose over to the Government side,

he was offered the office of Chief Baron of the Exchequer, or Master of the Rolls, if he preferred it; but he had devoted himself to the service, not of the English Government, but of the Irish people, and in their service he would remain to his latest breath. Bribery failing, the English Government had recourse to its next readiest weapon, coercion. By hook or by crook, O'Connell had to be crushed. As there was no law whereby to stop him, it was proposed to make a law that would have that effect; but, as tyrants viewed the case, law-making was unnecessary—they had bayonets and cannon and the prison.

O'Connell called a Repeal meeting, to be held at Clontarf on October 8, 1843. His mottoes then, as always, were, "Peaceable petitions," "Not the shedding of one drop of blood." On October 7th, as the people of Ireland were moving from all directions towards Clontarf to attend the meeting, the Government issued a proclamation prohibiting the meeting and made arrangements for deploying 50,000 soldiers, cavalry, artillery, and infantry, at the place of meeting. O'Connell at once sent couriers in all directions, warning the people of the danger and telling them to go back home, for the Government had taken measures to massacre them.



On the eighth day after the date of the prohibited meeting an indictment for conspiracy and sedition was made out against O'Connell, pursuant to which he was arrested. His trial commenced in Dublin on January 15, 1844, before Chief Justice Pennefeather and three associate justices and a jury specially impanelled. Arguments and pleading were unavailing; the jury returned a verdict of guilty. Sentence was passed on O'Connell—one year in jail, £2,000 fine, £5,000 security to keep the peace. O'Connell was forthwith incarcerated in the Richmond Bridewell, in Dublin. His friends appealed his case to the House of Lords, who referred it to five judges of their body; two of these judges were for affirming the sentence against O'Connell, three of them were for reversal of the sentence. The judges reversing the sentence said in their decision: "If such practices as had taken place in the present instance in Ireland should continue, trial by jury would become a mockery, a delusion, and a snare." O'Connell was set free. The whole world rang with applause for his triumph; but, deprived of its legitimate results, his triumph was a defeat. O'Connell was thwarted in his career and at the point of final success. Justice to Ireland, impeded and balked by his arrest and imprisonment, was set back, perhaps forever,

England's tyranny triumphed. The cause of wrong it was, not O'Connell's cause, that succeeded.

The weight of seventy years was upon O'Connell's shoulders, and darker for him than old age were the shadows of disunion that lengthened apace with the advance of those who proved disloyal to him and who failed to benefit Ireland by a change from his peace methods to force of arms. Borne down by sorrow and disappointment more perhaps than by old age, he died on the 15th of May, 1847, at Genoa, on a pilgrimage to Rome to ask the blessing of the Holy Father, Pope Pius IX., and intending to end his life in that sacred city.

I continued for two years, 1843 and 1844, attending the Croom Classical School, where I had for fellow-students the following who became priests, but are now no longer in this world: Rev. William Connery, parish priest of Coolcappa, diocese of Limerick; Rev. Michael Connery, parish priest of Ardpatrick, diocese of Limerick; Rev. David Quaid, parish priest of Dromin, diocese of Limerick; Rev. John Conway, parish priest of Feenagh, diocese of Limerick; Rev. John Reeves, parish priest of Loughill, diocese of Limerick; Rev. John Mulqueen, parish priest of Shanagolden, diocese of Limerick; Rev. David Quinn, parish priest of Fedamore, diocese of Lim-

erick; Rev. Richard Nagle, parish priest, diocese of San Antonio, Tex. May God grant these departed priests, His faithful servants, eternal rest and peace. Amen.

My fellow-students at Croom who became priests and who are now (in 1898) surviving are the following: Very Rev. Thomas Hammond, vicar-general, parish priest of New Castle West, diocese of Limerick; Rev. Luke Gleeson, parish priest of Parteen, diocese of Limerick. May God grant those aged, venerable priests the grace of final perseverance and a happy death. Amen.

One of my most beloved companions at Croom, who did not become a priest, was Martin Hartigan, son of Timothy Hartigan, Esq., of Glenogra, County Limerick. Having passed his examinations with distinction in the preparatory colleges, he stopped abruptly at the gates of the great theological college of Maynooth. The dreadful responsibility of becoming a priest and pastor of souls intimidated him, and, though otherwise brave of heart as well as pure in morals and bright of intellect, he withdrew to the rank of layman, which state of life he adorned by edifying Christian example to his latest breath.

I remember also a fellow-student, Patrick Leo by name, who got into trouble by his own fault at Croom and elsewhere. Actuated by jealous rivalry of a school-

mate in study, he stealthily opened the schoolmate's desk and with a knife hacked to pieces the schoolmate's most valuable books. This schoolmate was Mr. John Conway, afterwards parish priest of Feenagh, and now dead, as hereinbefore stated. Upon investigation the act was proved against Patrick Leo, who, under penalty of public expulsion from the school, was adjudged to pay for the books and upon his knees to apologize to the whole school for his bad behavior. With floods of tears that bespoke mortified pride, he paid the money and made the humiliating apology.

The correction was a severe one for him the more so because he had not humility to bear it patiently. He left the Croom Classical School and entered the Queen's College at Cork, from which he wrote back defiantly to a fellow-student at Croom: "Not the bishop's chair I want, but the judge's bench. I have resigned the mitre and crozier. I hurrah now for the wig and gown." From Cork he went to Dublin and entered Trinity College. At Dublin he married a stage actress and took her to the United States. Soon there was riot and bloodshed in some of the American cities, caused by a Protestant preacher named Leo, who gathered money by defaming Catholics and the Catholic Church. The agitation he ex-

cited in America getting too hot for his personal safety, he hurriedly put out to sea and crossed over to Ireland, where he was rewarded for his apostacy by a salaried living as a Protestant parson. His unhappy life soon afterwards came to an end by a sudden death.

HERBERTSTOWN.

In January, 1845, I was transferred from the Croom Classical School to a school of the same kind at Herbertstown in the archdiocese of Cashel, intendedly for a higher grade of studies and a wider acquaintance with students. Of the Herbertstown students, over sixty in number, I remember but few.

Michael Moriarty, of Grange, County Limerick, having finished his classical studies at Herbertstown, studied theology at All Hallows, Dublin; was ordained priest in 1853; entered the diocese of Salford, England; was promoted to a deanery; died in 1896.

Jeremiah Moriarty, of Grange, County Limerick, after his classical course at Herbertstown, entered Queen's College, Cork; was promoted to office in civil service of the British Government in India. Borne down by the severity of the climate of India, he died in early life.

Robert Wheeler, of Dublin, studied classics at Herbertstown; entered the Theological Seminary of St. Louis, Mo.; was ordained priest in St. Louis in 1848; was assistant priest at St. Patrick's Church, St. Louis, in 1849 and 1850; died in 1851.

Patrick Kinane, a bright young student of the archdiocese of Cashel, brother of the Very Rev. Thomas H. Kinane, archdeacon of Cashel, entered the Theological Seminary of the archdiocese of St. Louis, where his health failed. Beloved and esteemed by the college faculty and his fellow-students, he died when preparing for holy orders.

Patrick Kirby, of Rathjordan, Herbertstown, County Limerick, having finished his classical studies, joined the Oblate Fathers of Dublin, of whom he is a distinguished member. Distinguished and respected he was when a classical student at Herbertstown. Now (in 1898) he resides at Inchicore, Dublin. He is, so far as I know, the only surviving member, besides myself, of the Herbertstown school of 1845.

CHARLEVILLE.

For my last year of classics (1846) it was thought it would benefit me to be amongst students of the diocese of Cloyne, who were always of fair reputation for diligence and attainments in study. Accordingly, in the first days of January, 1846, I was sent to Charleville, where there were two classical schools, the best in the south of Ireland. I was delighted with the young men, from whose ranks many of the priests of the diocese of Cloyne were to be chosen. They were bright, studious, and gentlemanly. The Charleville school manifested great earnestness for work. The students were usually in their proper places at the proper time. There was but one daily session of six hours. The several classes followed each other in the order assigned them, from the study-rooms into the recitation-room, each class reciting for its allotted hour or half-hour, then retiring to make room for the next incoming class. This was the usual order of the day in the several classical schools I attended, but nowhere else was the regularity maintained that prevailed at Charleville. The animating spirit of the students was: "Work, not play. Time is precious; make good use of the fleeting hours." At this late day of my life, it being now two and

fifty years since I stood in that school, I have lost nearly all trace of those who were my schoolmates there. Two of them that I remember best I will mention:

Charley Daily, of Churchtown, County Cork, an angel in personal beauty, morals, amiableness of character, and exalted intelligence, died in that school year, 1846. Had he lived, no station in the Church or on the bench could be considered beyond his reach. Fortified by the sacraments, with the prayers and tears of his devoted fellow-students and sorrowing relatives, his death was peaceable, calm, and holy. In the early morning of life, but seventeen years of age, in his innocence and gracefulness, and before the dust and strife of advanced years could have left aught of taint upon him, he was called away by his Heavenly Father to a better world. The sweet, ingenuous ways and gentle smiles of that dear boy, who was as lovely as a morning flower, can never fade from my recollection.

Next, I remember very well William Gleeson, of Kilcoleman, Nenagh, County Tipperary, a boy much beloved and petted by the members of the family to which he belonged. Having completed his studies in Charleville in 1846, he pursued his theological studies in the Irish College, Paris, where, by the invitation of Right Rev. John Timon, D.D., Bishop of Buffalo, he joined that diocese

and was ordained priest in 1853. He served in the diocese of Buffalo forty-two years, until his death on December 2, 1895; having been for his last thirty-two years vicar-general of the diocese.

MATHEMATICS.

My too protracted reading of classics left me deficient in exact science, which, in my tenth year I had discontinued at the termination of an ordinary course in arithmetic, in order to take up the Latin grammar. Having soared for years among the stars of the classical heavens, it seemed bewildering to me to think that from such heights I should come down and begin again from another starting-point. Very plain it was to me, as was clearly impressed upon my mind by those who knew more than I did, that without some knowledge of mathematics my education would be incomplete and disappointing to me. Though reluctant and somewhat late, I came to the decision that the defect should be remedied. Again, as when beginning classics, the parental care that was moving me along gave me a special teacher for mathematics. For two years this adept teacher and schoolboy grinder, Mr. Shaughnessy by name, who was not particularly partial to classical scholars, for, as he said, they

had no exact knowledge of anything, kept me constantly under mental strain with what I sometimes too carpingly called his infinitesimal problems. Having gone through the mathematical mill, I can aver that it is the heaviest kind of brain-work, for which no labor-saving machinery has yet been patented, even by Yankee ingenuity. Geometry, algebra, trigonometry, land surveying, civil engineering, and astronomy are not the light gossamer things flaunted by Cicero in his "De Oratore," or by Edmund Burke in his essay on the sublime and beautiful.

THE FAMINE YEARS.

In the autumn of 1845, when the Irish farmers were confidently looking for a continuance of the plentiful crops of preceding years, an unprecedented state of affairs met their wondering gaze. Their principal source of plentifullness, the potato crop, had turned to blight and rottenness.

One year's loss, though attended by much distress, was cheerfully borne, with the buoyant hope that next year's crop would be sound and plentiful; but the next year's crop, that of 1846, was beyond comparison worse than that of 1845. There was now no hope. Famine

stared the people in the face; and those who viewed the situation in its full import were blanched with fear, for the food of the people was rotted before their eyes. Eight million seven hundred thousand people were without their daily food, and most of them had not where-with to support life for one day. Not the locust, or the canker-worm, or the mildew, or the palmer-worm had devoured the crop; it was blighted, and it withered. Soon those whose means of support had been used to the last morsel had to go out of doors to beg help from their no less needy neighbours. Day by day the famine-stricken multitude increased, and made beaten paths as wide as public roads through the grassy fields and the ploughed lands, going from house to house and from village to village, begging a morsel of food from others as distressed as themselves. The famine cry soon reached the ears of the English people and the English Parliament who governed Ireland.

The Duke of Cambridge, son of George III., brother of George IV. and of William IV. and uncle of Queen Victoria, delivered himself as follows on the famine in Ireland:

"Ireland is not in so bad a state as has been represented. I understand that rotten potatoes and seaweed,

or even grass, properly mixed, afford a very wholesome and nutritous food. Irishmen can live upon anything, and there is plenty of grass in the fields, even if the potato should fail."

Lord George Bentick, a friend to the Irish people, introduced a bill in the British Parliament to empower the Government to borrow £10,000,000 to build railways in Ireland, whereby employment would be given the starving people. The British Parliament rejected the bill.

Famine and its consequent fever were now carrying off hundreds of poor people. In the hospitals and temporary fever sheds, along the road-sides, in the fields, and by the thickets and hedges were stretched and strewn and huddled together the dead and the dying, their yellow, pale faces pitiful to see; men, women, and children; the dying infant at the dead mother's breast; many of them with green herbs of the field protruding from their mouths, from which they vainly sought sustenance.

Provisions were plenty enough in Ireland; the rich had abundance. Fat cattle and sheep, in herds and by the thousand, browsed at ease over the grassy fields of the wealthy landlords; but what poor man dare touch what the landlord owned? The bayonets of the British Army and of the British police force in Ireland, in obedi-

ence to stubborn English laws, held the poor in abeyance. The poor in Ireland were denied the right to carry arms, lest when starving to death they may assert their right to live; the poor in Ireland, because not having wealth, were denied the right to live, were deemed unworthy of the protection of the law; the outlawed poor in Ireland were doomed to die and they died; die they did in Ireland of fever and famine. The fever and famine dead were buried in heaps, sometimes uncoffined, usually in their plague-infested rags; their heads unrested in their graves save on a rough stone or on the bare earth; without kerchief even to cover the once sweet face and the eyes that loved and the lips that spoke kindly from rough contact with the cold clods of earth that shut them out of sight forever.

Of poor, unhappy Ireland, as truly as of Jerusalem in its desolation, may the pathetic words of Jeremiah be said: "Weeping she weepeth in the night. Her tears are on her cheeks. And there is none to comfort her." In 1851, when the famine years were over, Ireland had lost 2,100,000 of her people.

THE MOST SERIOUS YET.

In the first days of the month of October, 1848, my father, who had directed my education, being then in his sixty-third year, met me one day as I happened to be walking alone and engaged me in a very serious conversation, which greatly engrossed my attention: "You are now," he said to me, "in your nineteenth year. Your education has gone on quite long enough to enable you to see and choose for yourself. It is God's will that each one should consider and choose for himself such way in life as he may be able to enter and follow, having in view his eternal salvation and the occupations he may prefer. I have directed your education somewhat towards the ecclesiastical state. It is now for you to choose. You have come fully to the years when it is incumbent on you to make a choice and to engage according to your preference. Pray that God may guide you; I will pray that you choose what is for the best. When you reach a conclusion, let me know of it, so that I may aid you if I can, or as you may have need of me." Needless to say, these October days were for me a continuous meditation. How should I know what to do? Whence obtain the necessary knowledge? Without experience, to choose a way

of life, not knowing practically what a career in life was; obliged to go into the darkness of the future, whereon for me not a ray of light hath fallen. "O Lord, hear my prayer." "Give ear to my supplication in Thy truth." "Hear me in Thy justice." "Hear me speedily." "O Lord, make known to me the way wherein I should walk, for I have lifted up my soul to Thee. Thy good spirit shall lead me into the right land." (Psalm 142:8, 10.)

The priesthood, as God would direct, was ever my chosen purpose, and from the very beginning the goal towards which the events that bore me onward were continually pointing. It is in my earliest recollections that the old people who knew me from childhood were continually giving me their blessing and telling me I would be a priest one day. Unconsciously, as I grew up, I found myself, without seeking on my part, drawn into the position of leading in the recitation of the family night prayers and rosary and litanies, serving the priests in the neighboring chapels and when the station for mass was held at our house, also teaching the prayers and catechism to the serving men and women and boys and girls who worked in my father's house and on the farm. To me likewise, usually as it happened, fell the duty of meeting the poor at the door, who came asking for alms, to whom I was

often admonished to be respectful and to never send one of them away without proffered assistance. The sincere thanks and fervent prayers of those poor people always made their little almoner happy beyond measure, and truly ecstatic was his bliss and joy when their benedictions fell as whisperings from heaven into his ears. "Ah, then! may the heavens bless you, dear child. May you never want for anything, and may the world wonder at your luck."

No one imagined, nor had I other thought or purpose, but that the studies I had been pursuing were a preparation for the priesthood. How or why the conviction prevailed on all sides that I would be a priest is what I do not know and cannot explain; but, borne onward with this conviction, I steadily approached the goal, as much bound to it in purpose as I am now in fact, with the fiftieth year since my ordination almost in sight. Even now in my dreams I am still upon that purpose, as I often imagine I am in the seminary preparing for ordination and conjecturing how long it may be before I be called to holy orders.

It was not, however, until my return to my native place in 1894-1895, for the recovery of my health, that I heard of the whisperings that were current around my

cradle. On that return to my native place I called on an aged gentleman, blind and bedridden and in expectation from day to day of his departure from this world, who narrated to me the following:

"The night you were born my brother Tom and I were aroused from our beds by your father, who sent us over to the village of Grange to inform the friends of the family there of your birth. On our return from Grange, as we were passing through Cus Jennery, on the bounds of Rahen and Cahir, we heard in the furze covert at that place the sweetest music that our ears ever listened to, and we remained listening to it for a considerable time. Arrived at the house, we inquired who the musicians were that we heard playing at Cus Jennery and if they had not been sent to meet us. We got answer that no musicians had been engaged for the occasion and that none had been sent to meet us. Music of this kind was heard also when your brother James was born, and it was then believed that he was intended for the Church, which came to pass, for he died in holy orders at the Franciscan Monastery in Rome."

The narrator of these events was by name Patrick McGrath, who, from his early boyhood, spent almost his whole lifetime in my father's employment, and with his

saved-up earnings purchased a little farm and cottage in fee simple, wherein he lived comfortably with his family to an extreme old age and departed this life in peace, fortified by the grace of the last sacraments, beloved, regretted, and respected by all who knew him. May his soul rest in peace. Amen.

MY MIND MADE UP.

I had learned from many reliable sources of information that in the far-away Western World, on the banks of the Mississippi, a great diocese was growing up that had immense missionary fields, over which the Church was spreading rapidly. One of my sources of information, the "American Catholic Almanac," sent regularly every year to my father by his brother, my uncle and namesake in America, gave full description of the diocese of St. Louis and had a well-executed frontispiece engraving of the Cathedral of St. Louis and buildings adjoining it, so that I had become greatly familiar with the place. Priests were not needed in Ireland, where for every vacancy there were twenty or more applicants. In the St. Louis diocese it occurred to me that possibly there might be more vacancies than applicants, as it was a new country.

Why not go where, as it was reasonable to suppose, "the harvest was great, and the laborers few"? Besides, I preferred going where few had gone before me and where new paths had to be opened. Of "perils of rivers" or of "perils of the wilderness," I was not afraid. St. Louis was, as I regarded it, my foreordained place. I made up my mind to go there. This conclusion was reached by me on Thursday, 19th day of October, 1848. I sought an interview with my father and informed him of my purpose and of the reasons that led me thereto. He unhesitatingly gave me his necessary permission to depart and that I might begin at once to make preparations for the journey.

OPENING THE WAY.

The next day I rode twelve miles to Limerick to consult the shipping agents as to the best way to go to St. Louis. The shipping agents informed me that, as the American railways had been built only as far west as the western boundaries of New York and Pennsylvania, the journey thence westward to St. Louis, about 1,000 miles, was too great to be attempted by uncertain ways, such as stage-coaches and sailing on lakes and rivers, especially as the cold, freezing weather of winter was about to set in.

They advised that I sail from Liverpool to New Orleans and take steamboat from New Orleans to St. Louis, which I might possibly reach in the early part of winter, should the Mississippi River be then free from ice, as they thought it might be, on account of its more southern latitude than that of the northern lakes and rivers. Accordingly, I engaged passage from Liverpool to New Orleans on the first ship sailing on that voyage that I could reach, which was the *Forfarshire*, advertised to sail on Wednesday, November 1st, the intervening eleven days being sufficient for my preparation and the journey to Liverpool. On that same day that I went to Limerick, Friday, October 20th, I returned to my home at Cahircuillamore and announced my purpose to finally leave home on the following Tuesday, October 24th, feast of St. Raphael Archangel.

ADIEUS AND DEPARTURE.

Accordingly, on Tuesday morning, October 24th, at 4 o'clock, more than two hours before sunrise, having bid farewell to friends and relatives, there remained for me the unspeakable sorrow of separating from my father, whom I was never to see again in this world, as he was then aged and feeble. Fully aware of the hour set for my

departure, he had not risen, his usual time of rising being 6 o'clock. It was not for want of affection for me that he had not risen; never was father more devoted or kinder; but he did not wish to favor one of his children more than another. Too much familiarity with his children he never indulged. No child of his has had the boast to make that he was honored with a seat on his father's knee. That father knew his place, and kept it everywhere with everyone; that father entering the company of his children was the signal for them to rise, everyone of them, and to remain standing until he had taken his seat. For the last time I knelt by that father's bedside and asked him for his blessing, which he imparted. It is not to be inferred that at that parting there were not sobs and tears.

LIMERICK.

I reached Limerick in less than two hours, and was at the railway station on time for the departure of the morning train for Dublin. The train went out on the Limerick and Waterford Railway as far as the Limerick Junction and there turned northward on the tracks of the Great Southern and Western Railway for Dublin. The Limerick Junction was then the southern terminus

of the Great Southern and Western, the part of said line from said Junction to Cork not having been commenced.

DUBLIN.

Arrived at Dublin in the evening, I straightway proceeded from King's Bridge terminus by the Liffey along the quays past the Custom House to the North Wall, where I found the steamship *Royal William* with steam up bound for Liverpool. The *Royal William*, then one of the fastest steamers afloat, made the voyage from her Dublin pier to her pier in Liverpool in ten and a half hours.

LIVERPOOL.

In the gray dawn of morning, Wednesday, October 25th, I was in England, at Liverpool, walking along the docks, looking for the ship *Forfarshire*, advertised to sail for New Orleans on Wednesday, November 1st. I found the *Forfarshire*, but her appearance was very disappointing to me. She was a wide, large, dirty, heavy-looking ship. Her sails were anything but snow white, with plenty of pitch and tar splashed on her decks, bulwarks, and rigging; besides, she looked very deep in the water, and

near her, on the wharf, there was a whole cargo yet waiting to be stowed in her between decks. I was greatly discouraged, and still more so when I had learned, upon inquiry, that the *Forfarshire* was a slow ship, her usual voyages between Liverpool and New Orleans being from seven to nine weeks.

I called at the ship's company office and inquired for the name of the first ship belonging to the company following the *Forfarshire* for New Orleans, and when that ship was to sail. The answer was: "The next ship of our line following the *Forfarshire* for New Orleans is the *Berlin*, an American clipper ship, commanded by Captain Smith, a Boston Yankee. The *Berlin* is a good ship and a fast sailer. Would you wish to engage passage on her?" I said, "I engaged with your Limerick agents to go out on the *Forfarshire* on November 1st, but as I am in no particular hurry, and as I would like to stay in Liverpool a week or so, I would be glad if you would favor me with a transfer to the *Berlin*." I presented my passage certificate, obtained at the Limerick office, which was found to be correct. I had no difficulty in getting a transfer to the *Berlin*. The *Forfarshire* sailed on her appointed day, November 1st. When I saw her leaving

port, her dirty sails unloosed in the wind, I considered myself fortunate waiting for the *Berlin*.

OFF FOR THE AZORES.

Early Wednesday morning, November 8th, I was aboard the *Berlin*. It was not long before the sailors commenced loosening the ship's moorings. Soon, by a hawser heaved by a capstan, the ship moved slowly towards the gate of the dock. Outside the dock, a tug-boat in waiting took the ship in tow and steamed out into the harbor. In the meantime the sailors unfurled the sails and hauled the yard-arms before the wind. At once, with sails set, the *Berlin* moved forward and closed up with the tug. Immediately the connecting hawser was let go from the tug and was hauled in by the ship; then, with parting salutes, the tug fell back, and the ship bounded westward towards the open sea. At nightfall the good ship *Berlin* rounded the Holyhead Capes, was the next morning out of the Irish Sea and into St. George's Channel; thence south-westward, out of the cold fogs and mists of northern Europe, she cleaved the waves onward to the Azore Islands, which she reached on the eighth day of the voyage, Thursday, 16th November; 1,500 miles

from Liverpool, at average rate of sailing $7\frac{1}{2}$ miles per hour. No stay was made at the Azores; not a sail was lowered there, although the orange groves, the vine-clad hills, and the villages down by the sea looked inviting. South-west by west was now our course. The next land to be looked for was off the American continent, the Bahama Islands, the northernmost group of the West Indies.

THE DOLDRUMS.

Shortly after leaving the Azores we got into the trade-winds, which, in the part of the ocean we were sailing, blow constantly from north-east to south-west, and were, therefore, favorable to our course. In this trade-wind region the weather was delightful. The sailors had little to do, as the sails were seldom shifted. Once the heat became very oppressive and continued so for three days; then, the winds having entirely lulled, there was a perfect calm. During this calm the sails hung flat by the masts and yard-arms, and the ship rocked lazily to and fro, like a happy lady in her rocking-chair, doing nothing. The sea-calm, which happens oftener at the equator than at the latitude we were sailing in, is called "the doldrums," from the wearisomeness of drifting back and forward with the tide.

While becalmed we had much company. The fishes seemed to like us, especially the beautiful blue dolphins that continually played, chasing each other and darting this way and that, up and down through the water, around our ship like merry school-children on a picnic. Whales, too, were numerous, young and old ones, who seemed delighted to be near us. Some of them, when our ship began to move, followed us for days.

SARGASSO SEA.

There, too, was the Sargasso Sea—"meadows," the sailors called it, from its green carpet of seaweed floating on the waves. Who that has sailed, if but once in his life, between the West Indies and the Azores, does not welcome the coming time when, not through fog-banks, ice-floes, cold, piercing showers, and sharp-toothed winds of the North Atlantic, but over Indian-summer seas and beneath sub-tropical skies, the American tourist shall hie his pleasant journey to Europe's classic shores and the far-away Orient?

THE BAHAMAS.

Friday, December 9th, towards midday, the captain was the observed of all as he stood on deck, with sextant raised to his eyes, taking observations of the sun, on purpose, no doubt, to find the sun's altitude and therefrom to ascertain the ship's position as to the latitude she was sailing in. Soon after midday, having completed his observations, he laid his sextant aside, and, strapping a large telescope over his shoulders, climbed to the foretop-mast, where, having secured himself in the ship's rigging, he pointed his telescope towards the western horizon. After an hour or so, perched on his lookout, he shouted to those on deck, "Land! Land! Land, ahoy!" Then, having given commands to the sailors, the sails were shifted and the ship's course changed to a more south-westerly direction.

All eyes were now strained towards the western horizon to catch a first glimpse of shore. In no very long time the American shore appeared in dim outline, and then gradually rising above the sea. Soon the hills appeared, and next the white foam of the breakers dashing on the beach. Another command from the captain and the ship's course was again changed, more to southward,

parallel with land, which lay about three miles distant, to starboard. Having sailed by the coast for some miles, the ship was next headed westward, through Hole in the Wall Channel, into the waters of the West Indies. The cape that we rounded was the southernmost promontory of the island of Abaco, the largest of the Bahama Islands, distant from the Florida shore of the American continent about 180 miles.

The distance from the Azores to Hole in the Wall Channel, 2,900 miles, was sailed from 16th November to 9th December—in 23 days. Average sailing, 126 miles per day; average sailing per hour, $5\frac{1}{4}$ miles. Deducting 3 days becalmed, the average sailing per hour was 6 miles. Our captain meant to make good time. With Yankee dash and daring, he urged his ship forward by the shortest route and with every square inch of canvas set. Often, in heavy squalls, the bounding *Berlin* was heaved staggering across the waves, almost on her beam-ends.

KEY WEST.

From Abaco, leaving the islands of Andros and New Providence on the left, we sailed towards the Florida Reefs, by which we coasted until we were to southward of Key West, which was on Monday morning, December

11th. The course we had sailed from Abaco to Key West was necessarily very oblique, as it lay between and around islands and along the great curve of the Florida coast. The distance sailed was about 300 miles. Time, from 6 P. M. Friday to 10 A. M. Monday, 40 hours; average sailing per hour, $7\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

THE FLORIDAS.

Mid-December weather, as I found it at the Bahamas and Floridas, differs very much from weather of the same season at the British Isles. In the Bahamas and the Floridas the air was soft, mild, and balmy; in the British Isles in December the blasts are raw, harsh, and chilling. But there was still greater difference in favor of the south in the shorter winter nights. In the West Indian sub-tropical climes the winter nights are scarcely of greater length than the winter days. In the far northern climates the long dreary winter nights wear life away in darkness, almost never ending. The aspect of the heavens, too, presents the same contrasts at these different places. The sun, moon, and southern stars appear to us at the North to be far away and low down towards the horizon. In the South these same heavenly

bodies seem nearer to us and brighter and to ascend more overhead as they cross our meridian. At the same time in the farther South stars new to us, that we never saw before, rise up to greet us.

THE TORTUGAS.

In the early hours of the night of December 11th, as we were sailing westward of Key West, a sailor was sent aloft into the rigging, having orders to look out north-west to starboard for a light-house, which he was to report as soon as seen. Those on deck who heard the order given thought they might interest themselves looking for that light-house. An hour or more passed away and no one reported having seen the light. Later on I thought I saw a light glimmer; again I saw it, and again and again I saw it at short intervals. I reported so quietly to the ship's officer on duty on deck at the time. He looked in the direction that I did and affirmed my observation, that the glimmer on the surface of the sea was from the light-house we were looking for. The man at the masthead may have mistaken the bearing of the light as given by the officer, or he may have been listless or drowsy at his post. The Tortugas light having been sighted, orders

were given to change the ship's course to north-west for the mouths of the Mississippi.

"SWEET SILVER LIGHT OF THE MOON."

On the night of December 10th, when sailing westward through Providence Channel, the moon, apparently in its southern declination, being then about the full, rose resplendent from the waves astern, on the port or left side of the ship, and, increasing in brightness, ascended the southern skies towards the meridian. The same beautiful phenomenon attracted general attention on the following night, December 11th, as we were sailing from Key West towards the Tortugas; also on the night of December 12th it was very bright on deck, and there were many promenading in the "sweet silver light of the moon." But, to their astonishment, beautiful Luna had changed her place in the heavens, had danced and skipped around from the left to the right side of the ship. There she stood to starboard, who but yesternight coquetted on the port side. How did it happen? Were there more moons than one at the tropics? Or was that moon they saw there, that had danced from one side of the ship to the other, the same staid, decorous moon that they had

known at the British Isles? Some said they were glad not having to go farther than New Orleans, for at the equator or at the antipodes who could say but people were walking on their heads, heels up, everything topsy-turvy. My brains, too, might have got into the swim had I not had with me some charts, the pages of an ordinary atlas of geography, from which I had learned that at the Tortugas our course should necessarily change from south-west to north-west. The ship it was, and not bright, lovely Luna, that had danced around from left to right and deceived us.

TORNADO.

It is often said, "All is not gold that glitters"; so it was with Luna and the fair skies she dwelt in. Later on that night of December 12th, as we were sailing towards the Mississippi, great clouds began rising up from the horizon towards the zenith. Soon the moon and stars were involved in impenetrable darkness that grew darker still as the clouds advanced. Our ship sailed into the very storm-center, or rather the storm-center came straight onwards against our ship. It was a fierce onset. A fury of lightning, thunder, wind, and rain shook up the sea from its depths and rattled the poles of the heavens.

Amid the heaving of the sea and the crash and roar of the elements, the captain gave his orders: "Lower sails! Cover pumps, capstans, chains, anchors, all metal and iron works!" so as not to attract the lightning. The tornado, though fierce and powerful, was brief. It soon spent itself and passed away, leaving the good ship *Berlin* still above the waves, victorious and unscathed. After that we had fair skies and good sailing across the Gulf of Mexico to the mouths of the Mississippi, where, on Thursday morning, December 14th, shrouded in fog-banks, we anchored in muddy water, that, as far as the eye could reach, had befouled the color of the sea. The distance between Key West and the mouths of the Mississippi, 550 miles, was sailed in 72 hours, at average speed of $7\frac{1}{2}$ miles an hour. The whole distance, from Liverpool to the mouths of the Mississippi, 5,250 miles, was sailed in 5 weeks and 1 day, at the rate of 146 miles per day, or $6\frac{1}{2}$ miles per hour.

MOUTHS OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

We had not been at anchor long when a tugboat hove alongside and soon another tugboat came. Between these two tugboats our great ship, with sky-scraping masts, like a giant between two dwarfs, was propelled over the

shallow bar at the mouth of the river, into the deeper water inside the entrance. Once over the bar, one of the tugs steamed out again to sea. The other tug began its hard task, towing us up against the current to New Orleans, 107 miles distant.

To a person from the British Isles, the United States, as seen at the mouths of the Mississippi, is a mockery of sublime anticipations. No bold headlands; no high, rocky bluffs; no cities on hills; no hills at all; no heathery uplands or daisied fields leading down to the sea; no murmuring sea, for there was no ebbing or flowing tide—not enough rise of tide to cover a croaking frog; no belt of strand to mark the boundary between land and water, for land and water seemed interlocked and of the amphibious kind—an impenetrable jungle of swamps and bushes, infested with sharks, snakes, and alligators. There was water enough, of the kind it was, but who dare drink of it? Ha! That from the marshes smelt of toads and reptiles; that from the Mississippi suggested a fish-trap, for, besides mud, it may have a young alligator in it. And this is America—America indeed. Alas! No help for me now; I am on the Mississippi, and must go it. This ship I am on won't stop until I get to New Orleans; and if I throw myself overboard and attempt to swim

ashore, maybe the alligators or the buzzards will get me. See the miserable, muddy banks, not high enough above water for a drowning rat to dry himself on.

I went to my berth in the ship and shut myself up in it; a happy relief it was from wretched sight-seeing. How long I remained in the berth I do not know; it was not long, however, for anxiety and discouragement had made me restless. Out upon the deck again I went; I remained on deck. Sometimes the ship stopped, sometimes it went on. Once I looked out over the ship's bulwarks and saw we were between what seemed to be two long, low earth-mounds, one on either side of the river; there was a bend in the river at the place. These mounds, on which there were trees and houses and gardens and people, were the first patches of elevated grounds that I saw since the tug took us in tow. I was told they were fortifications or land batteries, Fort St. Philip and Fort Jackson by name, guarding the approach to New Orleans from invasion by sea.

RICH AND PICTURESQUE.

Early Friday morning, December 15th, I was out on the ship's deck, and found the aspect of the surrounding country greatly changed for the better. There were many

orange-groves in sight. The golden fruit, thick upon every branch and embosomed in the green leaves of the native tree, presented a pretty picture. Farther on there were great, wide sugar plantations, with many men at work, cutting down with lusty whacks of billhooks and cleavers the rich sugar-canæs that stood twice a man's height over their heads, like a young forest. In the distance on these plantations there were buildings with tall chimneys, towards which the sugar-canæs were hauled in wagons, to be boiled and refined and the extracted sugar and molasses to be stored in hogsheads and barrels. Here truly was a rich and picturesque country, yielding sweetest treasures, of wealth untold, for the comfort and delight of man of whatever nation or clime. There were cotton plantations, too, fully as delightful and valuable as the sugar plantations. Apple and peach orchards and vineyards were numerous, also rice and vegetable farms, all showing a varied culture. The homes of the wealthy planters, and in a manner the farm-houses and village dwellings, seemed bright and comfortable, many of them fronted and flanked by broad porches and verandas and shaded trellises of honeysuckle, virgin's bower, and grape-vines. Of exceeding beauty and grandeur were the stately live-oaks, the great magnolias, and the tall cy-

presses draped in every limb and branch with long tresses of green pendant moss that swayed back and forth in the breeze. In the foreground of some of these plantations and villages the church, with its cross-crowned belfry or steeple, was seen.

NEW ORLEANS.

Towards evening I began to have regrets, as our ship passed severally the English Turn, the Chalmette Plantation, the Jackson Battle-ground, and other places of interest. In the calm and glow of a bright sunset upon the Father of Waters and upon the forests and plantations upon its banks, the curtains of evening (Friday, December 15, 1848) drew gradually around us and our good ship *Berlin*, as we slowly rounded the great ellipse of the curving shore that gives name and fame to the Crescent City. To God, the Creator and Father of all, be endless praise and thanks for His infinite goodness and unbounded mercies for so favorable a voyage.

Next day, Saturday, December 16th, I inquired at the shipping offices for the ship *Forfarshire*, sailed from Liverpool, November 1st. I learned that the *Forfarshire* had not yet arrived, but, according to her sailing record, she might be expected in a week. This was the

ship from which I got an exchange of passage, at Liverpool, to the ship *Berlin*.

Sunday, December 17th, I heard mass at St. Joseph's Church. Upon inquiry, I was told that the priest who celebrated the mass at which I assisted was Father Moyneham, who was reverently spoken of.

There were several reasons why I did not stay long at New Orleans. It was not my place of destination. The cholera was prevalent, having been lately brought there from Havana. I was advised to lose no time setting out for St. Louis, as the river near St. Louis might close with ice at any time, and that, if once closed, it would remain so for the winter.

THE BIG MISSOURI.

The first steamboat to leave for St. Louis was the *Missouri*, called the *Big Missouri*, on account of its great size. I engaged passage on the *Big Missouri*. Monday, December 18th, early in the afternoon, the *Big Missouri* backed out from her New Orleans wharf and turned her prow up stream for St. Louis. I had not been to Holland, where, as is said, the people live below the level of the sea; but my want of knowledge of Holland was counterbalanced in America by sailing on a river fourteen feet

above city streets and adjoining farm-lands at New Orleans, La. What is called a *dyke* in Holland is termed a *levee* in Louisiana. They mean the same thing—a high, wide, strong embankment to hold back the water, be it Zuyder Zee or Mississippi, from drowning people. Between levees holding within them the Mississippi River, whose water-level was as high as the third floor of three-story houses adjacent, the *Big Missouri*, a veritable three-decker, with two large chimneys vomiting smoke and steam and with two large paddle-wheel boxes, each as big as a moderately-sized house, forced her ponderous bulk up against the muddy stream northward towards St. Louis at the rate of about ten miles an hour. There were on board about one hundred passengers and fully as many more in charge of the steamboat—officers, engineers, firemen, deck-hands, barbers, bartenders, dining-room waiters, ladies' maids, ship carpenters, ship painters, and others of that class.

The Louisiana country north of New Orleans presented the same general appearance as in the districts immediately south of New Orleans,—deep loam soil, without stone or boulder; immense sugar and cotton plantations, worked by bands of negroes directed by overseers. In the marshes bordering on streams and rivers

and in the background of the plantations fronting on the Mississippi there were extensive forests of cypress, live-oaks, and magnolias, draped in green Spanish moss, hanging in tresses to the ground and swaying to and fro in the gentle wind. No old castles, abbeys, or round towers in Ireland, in their massive plumes of never-fading green ivy, look half so majestic as do these giant cypress-trees—a myriad army, each plumed and mantled with tons of gray-green moss—as they stand sentinel over the mighty Mississippi and its tributaries in southern Louisiana.

The *Big Missouri* steamboat, a grand floating palace, a gigantic commercial power, in keeping with the genius of its surroundings, made frequent landings from place to place along the banks of the Mississippi, embarking and disembarking passengers, loading and unloading commodities, mostly immense piles of cotton bales and hogsheads and barrels of sugar and molasses.

BATON ROUGE.

Early on Tuesday morning, December 19th, we made landing at Baton Rouge, the capital of Louisiana, 130 miles from New Orleans. From Baton Rouge our *Big Missouri* turned its prow to mid-river and again master-

fully took up its course northward, passing through a country similar to that we had sailed through the previous day. Gradually, however, towards midday and during the afternoon and evening the character of the country seemed changing. We were passing from southern to northern Louisiana. Some hills, but of no great height, gave bolder character to the east bank of the river. On the west bank the aspect was unchanged. At this place one of the great tributaries, the Red River, flowing from the north-west, enters the Mississippi.

NATCHEZ.

Sometime in the early part of the night, December 19th, we made landing at Natchez, built on a high bluff on the east bank of the river, in the State of Mississippi, 280 miles from New Orleans; the west bank opposite Natchez being in the State of Louisiana. Wednesday morning, December 20th, we made good progress northward, having Louisiana on the west, still to our left, and the State of Mississippi on the east, to our right. The character of the country on the west was still the same as on previous days,—low, level rich land, with sugar and cotton plantations and some corn-fields. To the east the

rising ground on the river bank seemed to grow gradually higher and higher as we advanced northward.

VICKSBURG.

On that same day, December 20th, in the evening, we reached Vicksburg, also built on a high bluff, and in the State of Mississippi, 408 miles from New Orleans; the west bank of the river opposite Vicksburg being in the State of Louisiana. Sailing northward from Vicksburg, we soon passed on our left the northern boundary of Louisiana. After this the adjoining States along our course were: to the west, on our left, Arkansas; to the east, on our right, Mississippi. Westward, in Arkansas, the character of the land was unchanged; it was low, flat, rich land, having deep loam, easily tilled. Cotton was the prevailing crop. The cotton was then being gathered in. Literally, "the fields were white for the harvest." The cotton plantations were beautiful to behold. Seemingly as numerous as the open cotton-bolls on the cotton-trees were the darkies busy at work, picking the cotton and putting it into baskets. In the far distance, beyond these cotton plantations, the tall, dark forests, apparently of impenetrable depth, loomed gloomily in sight. Sugar plantations were no longer to be seen. Fields of corn,

with large yellow pendant ears, were the outposts of the plentiful harvests and the teeming granaries of the great Northwest. In this neighborhood another of the great tributaries, the Arkansas River, flowing from north-west to south-east, enters the Mississippi.

FIRST CHOLERA CASE.

Here, a sad story to relate, we had our first funeral. Close by the Father of Waters, in the deep, mellow soil of the Arkansas shore, with bowed, uncovered heads, we sadly and reverently closed the grave of a fellow-voyager, not known to any of us, who was suddenly taken away by the incoming plague, the cholera. Sorrowfully, as we were leaving, we took a parting look at the solitary grave, around which none but strangers had stood; no kindred were near, nevertheless the evidences of sincere sorrow were not wanting. A toll of the steamboat bell hurried us back on board; the gangways were hauled in, and we were soon again under way, heading for our still distant destination. On the two following days, Thursday, December 21, and Friday, December 22, there were similar sad scenes, which were more private, however, as it was thought best not to alarm the passengers.

MEMPHIS.

Soon after midnight, December 22d-23d, we arrived at Memphis, situated on a long, high bluff on the east side of the river, in the State of Tennessee, 858 miles from New Orleans.

CAIRO.

Sunday forenoon, December 24th, we arrived at Cairo, Ill., on the east bank of the Mississippi, at the mouth of the great eastern tributary, the Ohio River, 1,104 miles from New Orleans. At this point the weather was freezing, and thin floating sheets of ice appeared on the river, going swiftly with the current.

CAPE GIRARDEAU.

After midday, December 24th, we reached Cape Girardeau, on the west bank of the Mississippi, a Missouri town, having a fairly elevated site, the first rising ground of any note that we saw on that side of the river since we left the Gulf of Mexico. From New Orleans the distance by river to Cape Girardeau is 1,138 miles. Sunday afternoon and evening, as our steamer was going northward from Cape Giradeau, the weather grew very much colder

and the floating ice grew thicker and came down the river in much larger sheets.

ST. GENEVIEVE.

Early Christmas morning the weather was exceedingly cold; the steamboat was sometimes at a standstill, aground on a sandbar, or fast in the ice. Three deaths amongst passengers and deck-hands were reported. The sky was overcast and snow was falling. We were somewhere near St. Genevieve, 1,218 miles from New Orleans and within 60 miles of St. Louis. The steamboat carpenters were hard at work repairing the great paddle-wheels, damaged by the ice, and building in front of the steamboat's prow an auxiliary prow of heavy timbers, wherewith to save the hull from impact with the ice. In the course of some time the steamboat's paddle-wheels began moving; slowly at first the steamboat moved along a partly open narrow channel in mid-stream, where the ice was thinner or had not closed across solidly.

ST. LOUIS.

Working on steadily through the ice, stopping occasionally for repairs, maintaining doggedly the purpose to make port, we reached the wharf at St. Louis about

noon, December 26th, in eight days from New Orleans, the distance by water being 1,278 miles. Average rate of sailing per day, 160 miles; average speed per hour, $6\frac{2}{3}$ miles; the same speed nearly that was maintained by the *Berlin* crossing the ocean. Like a good, God-fearing sailor, I went first of all to the nearest church, the Cathedral of St. Louis, to make my thanksgiving to God for my safe arrival at my place of destination, after having passed through many dangers and hardships.

Next morning, December 27th, feast of St. John the Evangelist, I went to confession, heard mass, and received holy communion in the Cathedral of St. Louis. It was now in order for me to present myself to his grace the Archbishop of St. Louis. Accordingly, at a seasonable hour in the afternoon, I entered from Second Street, through the gateway into the flower garden, surrounded by a high wall, in front of the hall door, on the eastern side of the old-fashioned but respectable-looking quadrangular two-story building, flanked by verandas, and known as the Archbishop's Residence, by the side of the Cathedral. Having gained admission into the Archbishop's Palace and into the public reception-room, I requested the favor of an audience with his grace the Archbishop. I was told his grace the Archbishop was from home and

that he would be absent for some time. I then asked for a brief interview with the Very Rev. Father residing near the Archbishop and attending to the Archbishop's business in the Archbishop's absence. After some minutes' delay, a portly, dignified, venerable ecclesiastic, Very Rev. Simon A. Paris, rector of the Cathedral, a Frenchman, entered the reception-room and asked me what the business was on which I came. I gave him my name, told him where I was from, and what my business was. He replied that every place in the Seminary was occupied, and that it was unlikely there would be any vacancy soon, as several students who had been promised places were waiting for their turn to be called. I thanked him for the information he gave; at the same time I said that as I had traveled a very long journey to see his grace the Archbishop of St. Louis, I would await his coming home to see him. Very Rev. Father Paris retired. I passed out by the same way I had entered.

On Sunday, December 31st, I heard mass in St. Patrick's Church, St. Louis. It was the parochial mass, celebrated by the Rev. William Wheeler, the parish priest. The sermon, appropriate to the beginning of the new year, was preached by Rev. Father Higginbotham, the assistant priest. The preacher called the attention of the

congregation to the fact, already well known to them, as it had been published in the newspapers, that the Asiatic cholera was then in the city and spreading, having been brought by a steamboat lately arrived from New Orleans. In view of that fact, it behooved every good Christian who valued the salvation of his soul to begin the new year well by a devout reception of the sacraments, as a timely preparation for an event inevitably impending—the death of many then and there listening to him before the expiration of the year about to begin. He reminded them of the great numbers that had died in St. Louis of the cholera in 1832 and that had been alive and well when that cholera year of 1832 began. His sermon made a deep impression on his attentive hearers and was prophetic. During the year 1849 St. Louis was decimated by the Asiatic cholera; towards the end of the month of August the death-rate having reached 275 a day.

Upon the return home of his grace Archbishop Kenrick, towards the end of January, 1849, I renewed my request for an audience with him and obtained it. Having knelt for his blessing, which he very paternally imparted, I presented my letter of recommendation, which was very brief, as follows:

“BRUFF, COUNTY LIMERICK, IRELAND,
“23 October, 1848.

“I know the bearer, John J. Hogan, well. He goes to America to enter the sacred ministry. I recommend him to any prelate who may need his services. I am confident he will not be found wanting.

“ROBERT CUSSEN, D.D., V.G., P.P.”

His grace read the letter and remarked: “I know Doctor Cussen well. He was my fellow-student at Maynooth.” Then, taking a book from his library, he told me to open it at any page and read and translate some of it. It was a Latin book, the name of which I do not remember. I read and translated a paragraph or two. Then, at his grace’s bidding, I conjugated some verbs, declined some nouns, quoted rules for the syntax of words and for the quantities of syllables. My examination was at an end. His grace took the book from me and put it back in the library. He said: “At present there is no vacancy in the Seminary. We are enlarging it, however. Next month, or about Easter, I will have a place for you. You may come about that time.” He next inquired whether I had any relatives or friends in St. Louis, with whom I might perhaps be staying. I replied that I had a letter of introduction to Rev. Father Carroll, of Alton, Ill., from Father Carroll’s brother in

Ireland, and that it was my intention to go to see Father Carroll. His grace was pleased to know that Father Carroll was my friend, and he readily gave me his consent to go to see Father Carroll and to remain with him until my place in the Seminary would be ready for me.

ALTON.

At Alton I found congenial occupation serving mass and taking care of the altar and sacristy of St. Peter's Church, of which Rev. Father Carroll was pastor. The Rev. Michael Carroll, of distinguished personal appearance, a nobleman by nature, and of extraordinary zeal and ability as a priest, was born in Effin, County Limerick, Ireland, in 1816. Having completed his classical studies in Ireland, he sailed for New York and thence proceeded to the Western States. He entered the Seminary of the Barrens, Perry County, Missouri, where, after the ordinary theological course, he was ordained priest on December 8, 1842, in the Cathedral of St. Louis, by Right Rev. Peter Richard Kenrick, D.D., Bishop of Drasa, and coadjutor of Bishop Rosatti, of St. Louis. Rev. Father Carroll, immediately after his ordination, was appointed to Alton as its first pastor. He built a church at Alton,

and opened missions at Edwardsville, Troy, Bunker Hill, Ridgely, Carrollton, Jerseyville, and Carlinville, Ill., suc- cursal to the church at Alton. In the company of Father Carroll and those of his immediate environment I found ample opportunity of acquiring useful knowledge and of social enjoyment.

Chief amongst Father Carroll's friends was Mr. Trenchery, Frenchman, blind from his birth; educated in a school for the blind in Paris; music teacher to the best families in Alton; organist of Father Carroll's church; mathematician, historian, astronomer; student of political science and economics. A paradox as well as a prodigy he was, for on the cardinal maxim of philosophy, that there can be nothing in the intellect that was not first in the senses, it seemed impossible that that blind man's intellect could have attained its varied knowledge without knowing the external appearance, size, shape, distance, color, of any of the objects by which he was surrounded. When an organ or piano wanted repair or was out of tune, he took it apart, examined it, found the defect, remedied the defect, put the several parts together again, tuned the discordant keys, set all up in order, and then, with his magic finger-touches, brought out series after series of fugues and symphonies, such as

the instrument never throbbed to before. So with the guitar and the violin. His gentle manners and devotion to music exerted on me much of the influence that he had over musical instruments. I obeyed him passively. When new music was sent to him, or when he wished to learn a new piece, he smilingly approached me and, in a soft, whispering voice, said: "John, read the notes for me." We moved towards the piano, at which he took his seat; then the notes were read to him; they dropped out in music at his fingers' ends. After a reading or two, he got the character and spirit of the music and the rest followed—a masterly improvisation. Next to music, he studied Brownson's Review, which I read to him, often an hour or longer at a time. Brownson was then creating a sensation by his essays on philosophy, theology, politics, literature, and government. At this time also the electric telegraph began to be in use in the Western States, a line having been lately built between St. Louis and Alton. This greatly attracted Mr. Trenchery's attention, so that he could hardly sleep or rest until he had learned how lines and dots, written at a distance, could be read thousands of miles away, from a ribbon of paper. I endeavored to explain to him the working of the telegraph,

so far as I could communicate it to him, by reading descriptions of it from books and newspapers.

Mr. Michael Carroll, an elderly, respectable gentleman, not, however, of the same family as Father Carroll, was the teacher of Father Carroll's parish school at Alton. Teacher Carroll had ideas far above the curriculum of the parish school; and he was not over-modest, expounding those ideas to Mr. Trenchery, the organist, and to John, the student. In a word, he had perpetual motion on the brain. In order to please Teacher Carroll, or, more truly, to keep him from going wrong in his head entirely, we consented to aid him to prove his principles by the erection of machinery in accordance with his plans for the purpose.

The church basement, a long, high, wide room, we converted into a carpentry or workshop, by erecting therein inclined planes, on which we operated wheels and axles propelled by pending weights, for the purpose of acquiring a constantly increasing momentum to sustain unceasing oscillation; it being Mr. Carroll's theory that a body descending an inclined plane could lift another body of equal weight up a similar inclined plane to the height from which the descending body started, and thereby

maintain a perpetual motion that might be increased indefinitely.

The experiments of course, failed as there was no additional lifting power to overcome gravitation, friction, and atmospheric resistance. The experiments were repeated from time to time, but always ended in failure, which Mr. Carroll attributed to defective machinery, rather than to error in principles. The repeated failures greatly increased Mr. Carroll's anxiety lest, as he said, someone, getting knowledge of his theory, and having more friends and means than he had, should apply for a Government patent and obtain it before he did, thereby depriving him of the fruit of his plans and labors. The organist closed the séances by telling the teacher, with a playful, sardonic smile, that in his opinion the only way to get perpetual motion was to suspend the laws of Nature, whereby the Creator held the universe together and in motion.

On an elevated plateau, facing the river and overlooking the streets of Alton, there stood beside the Catholic church and the priest's house the residence of a large, tall, portly, active, impetuous man, who was withal a gentleman of elegant manners, an eminent physician, having an extensive practice, a Catholic, one of Father

Carroll's most distinguished friends, Dr. T. M. Hope. Whenever Father Carroll and Dr. Hope spent an hour together, as they sometimes did when official duties happened to be at a lull, they had a most enjoyable time, as was evinced by the loud bursts of laughter indulged in with emulation by them. A never-failing source of merriest laughter for these happy professional gentlemen was the historic duello that had then lately nearly come to the point, with broadswords, on the west bank of the Mississippi River, opposite Alton, under the wild forest trees of the Missouri shore, whither the principals, attended by their seconds, all from Springfield, Ill., were wafted by the ferry-boat to meet in mortal combat, according to the code that governs blue-blooded gentlemen. Dr. Hope's services were engaged as professional surgeon for the occasion. Needless to say that the Doctor went fully prepared for business, having taken with him his case of battle-field surgical implements, wherewith to saw and reset the hacked and battered bones and to staunch and stitch the slashed and sabered arteries of the immortal combatants—none other than Abe Lincoln, the future President of the United States, and James Shields, the future hero of the Mexican War. When the two young suckers, Hector and Ajax, arrived

on the duelling-ground, and were donning their war-paint, Dr. Hope grasped them both between his powerful hands and disarmed them of their broadswords, telling the young fellows to go home and behave themselves and not to disgrace their country and friends, or he would put them across his knee and spank them for their rascality. Dr. Hope broke up the cock-fight and tamed the young roosters. Like the siege of Troy it was all on account of a lady.

I had happy days at Alton, favored with the company of the priest, the doctor, the organist, and the teacher—a unique quartette, whose likes I would fain meet again. But events were hastening on. The Right Rev. James O. Vandevelde, D.D., Bishop of Chicago, consecrated at St. Francis Xavier's Church, St. Louis, on Sunday, 11th February, 1849, began the visitation of his diocese at Alton on Passion Sunday, March 25th, the feast of the Annunciation. I served his mass daily while he was at Alton. Having heard that I was an ecclesiastical student, he offered to take me to Chicago and give me a place in the Seminary there. I thanked his lordship and apologized for inability to accept his gracious offer, as I had already engaged with the Archbishop of St. Louis to enter the St. Louis Seminary.

His lordship Bishop Vandevalde was accompanied by his vicar-general, the Very Rev. William J. Quarter, brother of the late Bishop of Chicago. With Rev. Father Carroll, I accompanied these dignitaries to the Alton stage-coach office at the Alton House hotel, whence, on the arrival of the daily mail stage-coach from St. Louis, they were to take their departure for Chicago, where they were to arrive, as by schedule time, on Saturday, March 31st, the day before Palm Sunday. When the stage-coach arrived at the Alton House from St. Louis, his lordship the Bishop and his vicar-general took seats already engaged for them for their journey to Chicago. The Very Rev. Father William Quarter, the vicar-general, a large, portly man with massive head and shoulders, felt very uncomfortable in the narrow stage-coach. Especially inconvenient to him was the broad-brimmed clerical hat he wore, which hindered him from resting his head against the back of the stage and, bareheaded he could not be, as the weather was freezing. "Oh," said he, "how uncomfortable is this narrow vehicle! and how shall we be able to endure it three days and three nights to Chicago?" Then, turning to me, he said: "John, give me your cap and I will give you my hat. With my hat on your head you will be a man forevermore." Not sooner said than

done. I gave him my cap; he gave me his hat, the first hat I wore. My head, as I imagined, seemed so big I thought everyone was looking at me. As the stage-coach was about to move away, we knelt and his lordship the Bishop gave us the blessing. The dearly beloved Bishop and his distinguished companion, the vicar-general, were soon out of sight, lost to our loving gaze.

Shortly after these events I got notice from St. Louis that the place in the Seminary at Carondelet was ready for me. To dear Father Carroll I expressed most grateful thinks for his exceeding great kindness to me. Also to those near the said Rev. Father with whom I was acquainted, I bade adieu. On the swift Alton packet, *Luella*, I descended the river to St. Louis, where Mr. Shepherd, the procurator of the Seminary, met me and took me to Carondelet, to be there domiciled as a student of the diocese of St. Louis.

Looking back on this journey from the distance of fifty years, may I not confidently say, the angel Raphael, on whose feast I set out from home, had conducted me safe; the prayers of my pious father were heard when he blessed me at my separation from him: "May you have a good journey, and God be with you on your way, and His angel accompany you"? (*Tobias*, 5:21.)

THE ACT OF PRAISE.

Blessed be God.

Blessed be His Holy Name.

Blessed be Jesus Christ, true God and true Man.

Blessed be the Name of Jesus.

Blessed be Jesus in the Most Holy Sacrament of
the altar.

Blessed be the great Mother of God, Mary most holy.

Blessed be her holy and Immaculate Conception.

Blessed be the name of Mary, Virgin and Mother.

Blessed be God in His holy Angels and in His Saints.

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